The Incidental Tourist

In Mexico City you can hail a VW Beetle taxi and a wiry

little brown guy soon jack-in-the-boxes up from be-

hind your seat; whereupon he and the driver proceed to

whale the living shit out of you. Eventually, you be a-wanderin'

bareass in a neighborhood where they'd murder for a peso in your pocket, which, fortunately, you aint got neither.

And here, silly moi, I thought the Big Apple was base. There

you just get a Hindoo who can't do, no clue where's a fuckin thing.